



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

Dr. from Holland Bros.

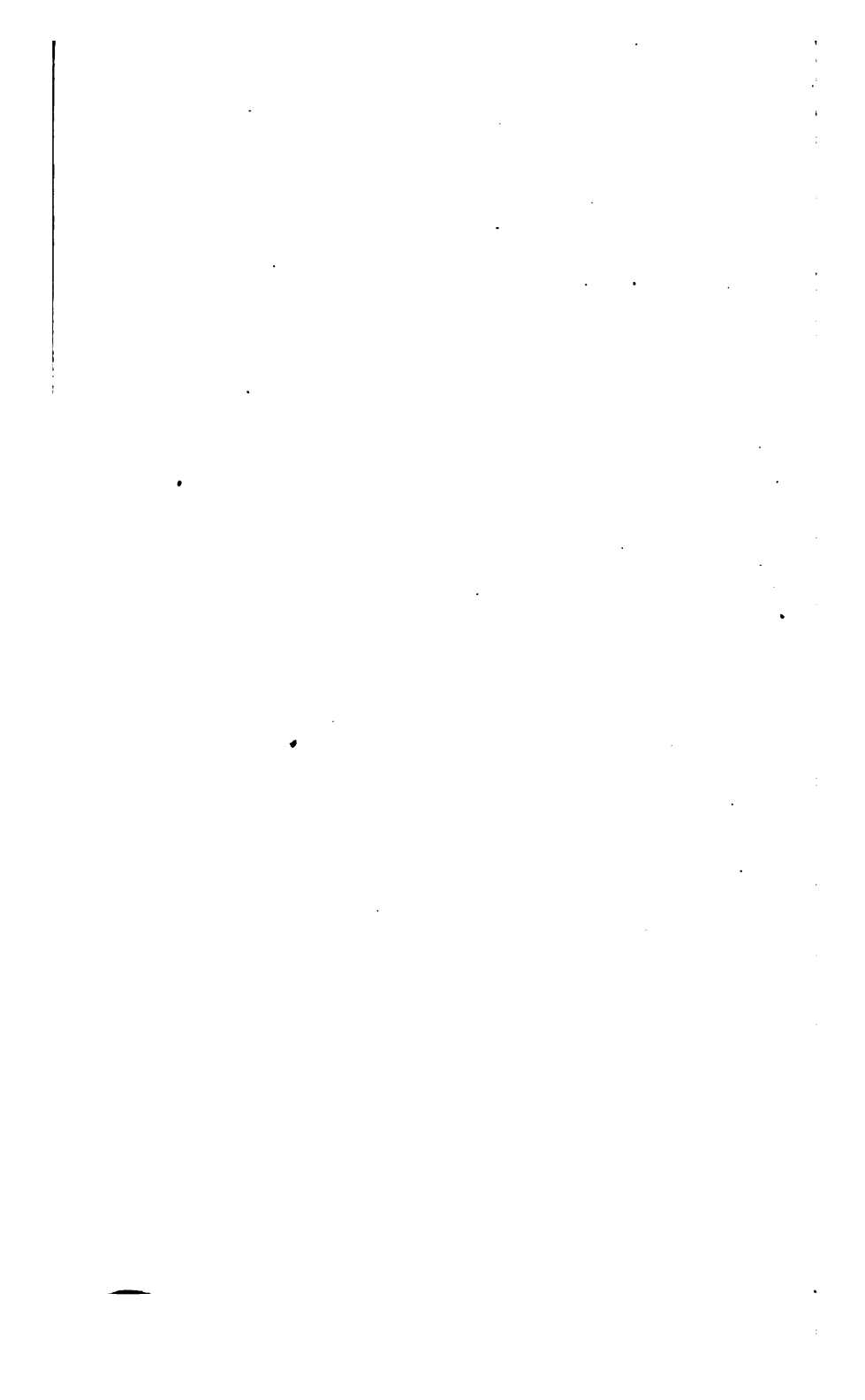
200. e. 3321

$\frac{3}{4}$

5509

279





HERCULANEUM

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BIRMINGHAM:
PRINTED BY J. C. BARLOW, BENNETT'S HILL.

12

HERCULANEUM

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

CHARLES ROOM.

LONDON:

**LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN, AND GREEN,
AND J. C. BARLOW, BIRMINGHAM.**

MDCCCXXVIII.



TO HIS

REVERED PARENTS,

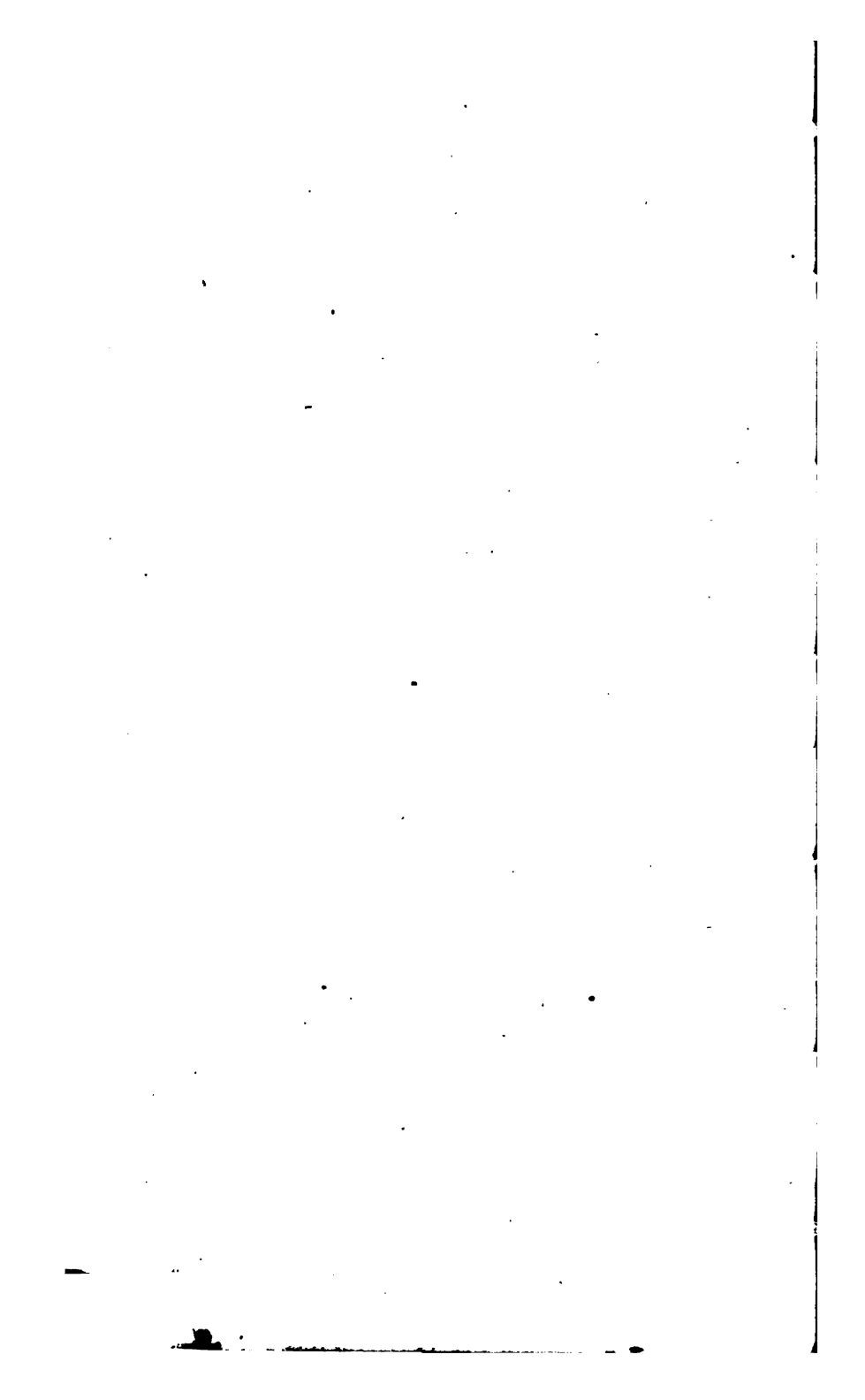
THE FOLLOWING PAGES

ARE

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

BY

THE AUTHOR.



PREFACE.

IN presenting the following pages to the public, the writer, while he would urge his juvenility as a claim to candour, hopes not for partiality, where he must expect justice. He who appears at the bar of public opinion, has small reason to anticipate, from the indifference of the many, the preference he receives, only, from the sympathy of the few.

A successful writer, by interesting the public mind, will insure popularity. But, as mankind are readers of books not by natural necessity, but from desire of improvement or gratification, those works will be consigned, and justly consigned, to oblivion, which administer neither pleasure nor advantage. To insure, therefore, that general

approbation which every writer desires, he must produce such works as will not deserve contempt. With the majority of authors, apart from the pleasure they may confer, the reader is so little concerned, that it were a vain thing, by assigning private reasons for publishing, to expect general sympathy. As, in the publication of his works, every individual must have motives in his own estimation sufficient, it is the province of the public, not as the grand jury of literature to find bills or reject cases, but to hear them and decide. With such convictions, the writer of this little volume submits its contents to the judgment of the reader.

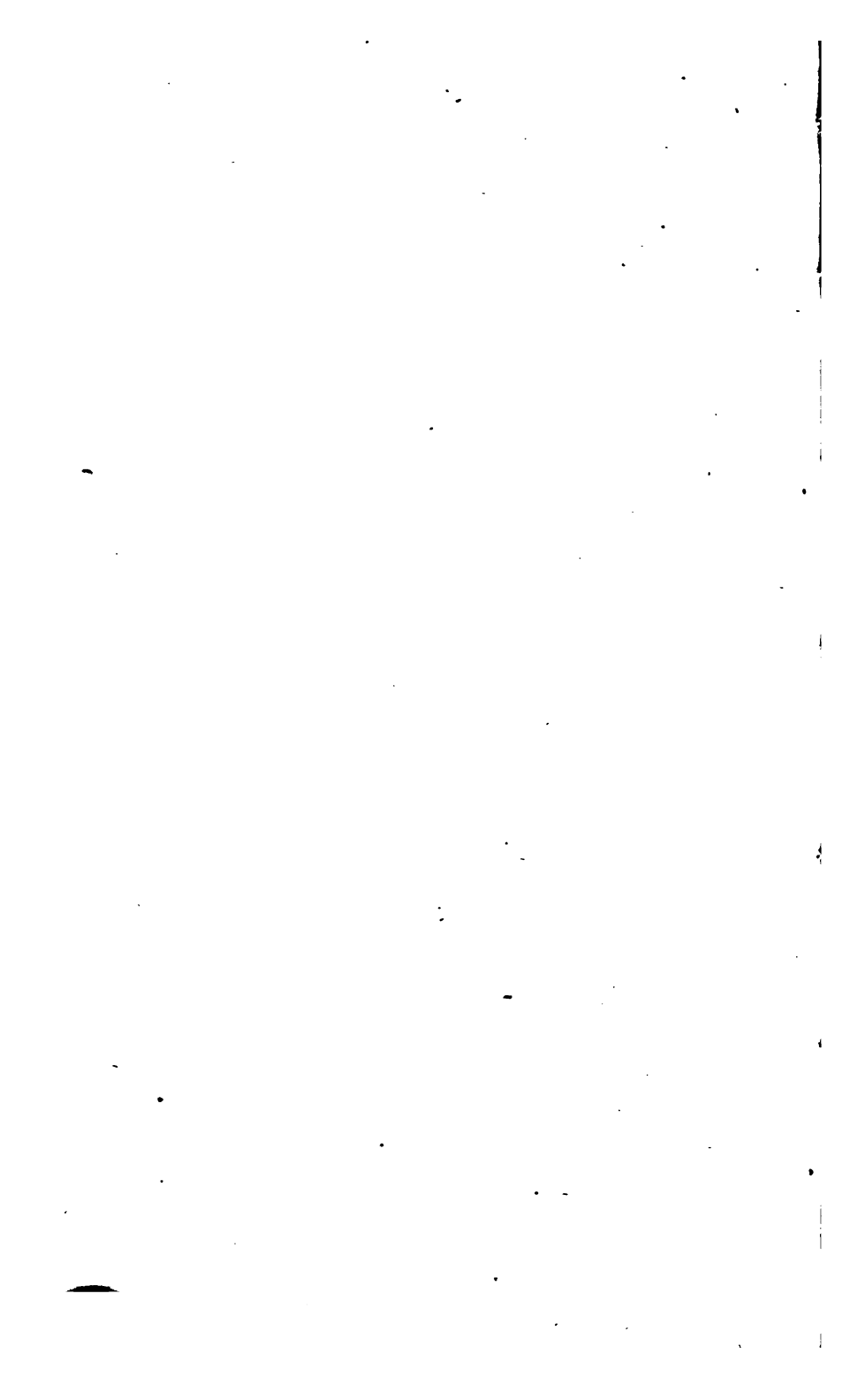
"Fiat justitia, ruat cœlum."

Northfield,

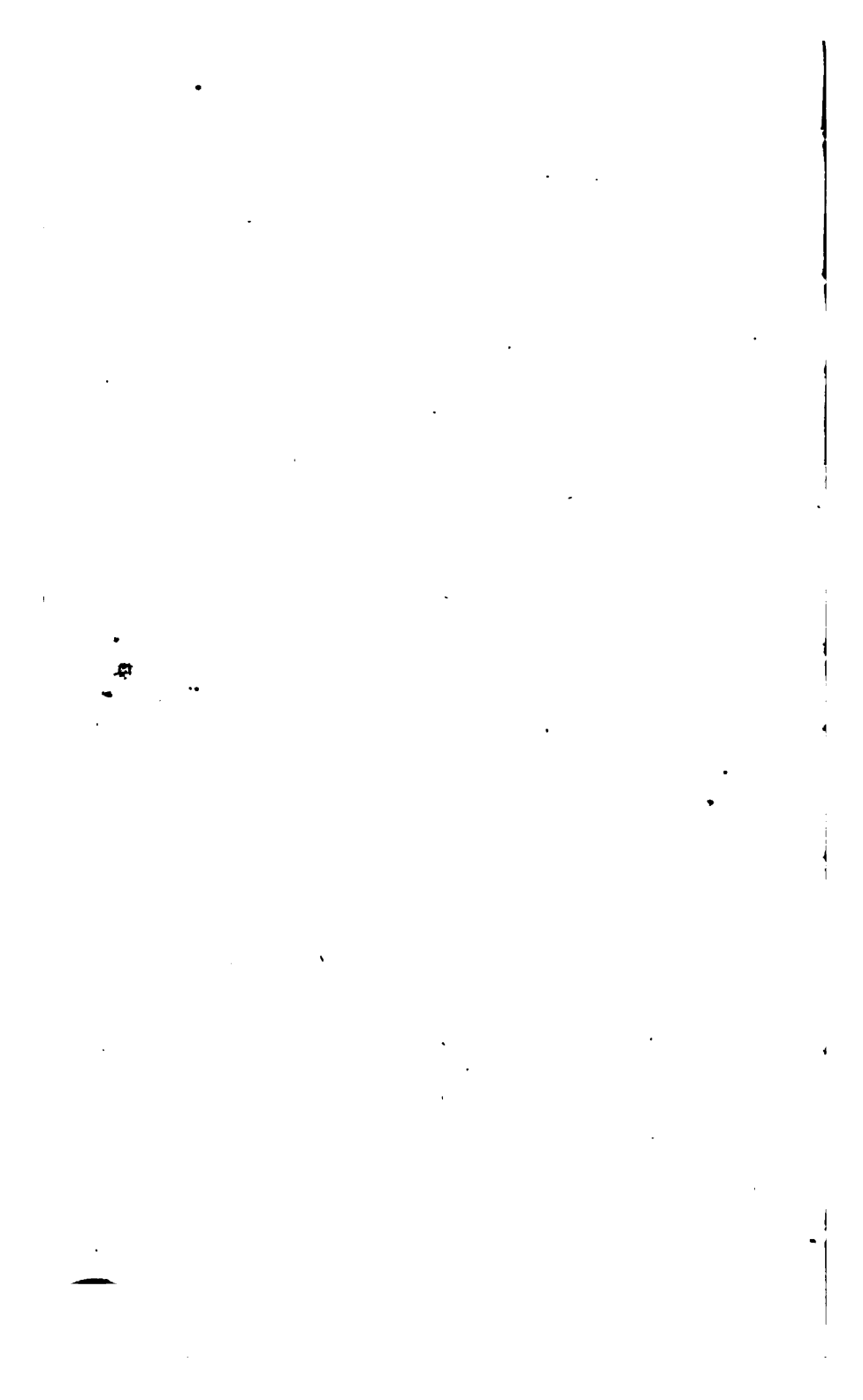
February 20th, 1828.

CONTENTS.

	Page.
Herculaneum, <i>Canto I.</i>	13
————— <i>Canto II.</i>	25
————— <i>Canto III.</i>	49
Notes	59
Morning	67
An Autumnal Thought	73
Spring	76
Autumn	78
Winter	80
Friendship	83
Verses	85
Hymn	88
A Dream	90
To Pleasure	94



HERCULANEUM.



HERCULANEUM.

CANTO I.

I.

'Twas on a night full fair as aught, I ween,
Cynthia might smile on with her glittering train,
When Pleasure's votaries 'neath her silvery sheen,
Led on by Music's all inspiring strain;
When nought of sadness, save the lover's plain,
In myrtle grove, suing his mistress coy;
Nor aught which might the flow of bliss restrain
Amidst the carnival, or check the joy
Where reeling Bacchanals their festive hours employ.

II.

Ah! heard ye not, e'en midst those blazing halls
Where music flung her wildest symphony—
(Or is 't some phantom thus my brain appals?)
Yet still, methinks, an unspher'd Melody
Struck her wild lyre: and, 'midst the revelry,
Unearthly tones did drink my spirit up:
And, to the strains of wizard harmony,
O'er the blue flickering light, a haggard troop
Of Sisters dire did dance—each hand in hand the group.

III.

And one did tell of scenes of blood, and drew
A sword, and, with a demon-laugh, declar'd
The gory blade lack'd argument:—she knew—
And, as she spake, the troubled torches flar'd!
(But 'tis a dream!—no! no! too long I dar'd
Th' unhallow'd sight; too long for mortal man)
Now her strain'd orbs of vision wildly glar'd:
“Thrice glorious sight!—Vesuvius I do scan!
Haste! sisters, haste! and well we'll execute the plan!”

IV.

Saw ye not, fondling o'er the infant germ
Of innocence, the father's om'nous tear?
A foolish dread—yet, still his soul could worm,
Tho' undefin'd, some mystic cause of fear;
And, when his manly heart o'erflow'd, the ear
Of his lov'd spouse heard what herself had deem'd,
And straight she wept—yes, 'twas the death-bird near;
Old ocean groan'd, and midway ether teem'd!
'Tis darkness all—earth trembles—the last star hath beam'd.

V.

Ceas'd is the song; and ev'n the tuneful quire,
Whose notes could thrill the warrior-breast, doth faint;
Nor more might e'en Apollo's self inspire:
And death-like stillness reign'd; save a dread plaint
Of untold woe: and Horror there did paint
For Death, her master-piece: the picture pleas'd,
And the grim tyrant smil'd at the restraint,
And on his bow and quivering shaft he seiz'd.

* * * * *

VI.

Vain are your omens, vain your auguries!
Yon flock of birds fly but the threaten'd ill:
Vain are your offerings! for the Deities,
Adverse to peace, your cup of sorrow fill.
Ah! whither fly? terror pursues ye still:
Those blood-stain'd fillets tell of vengeance nigh:
Death in the breeze! flames for yon mountain rill!
Earth groans in travail! glares the ensanguin'd sky!
But, hark! again,—once more,—it is their harmony.

“ Sisters, hail! our task so bravely
We've accomplish'd, ere yon sun
Burst morn's portals, we shall gravely
Write in flames, 'our work is done.'

“ ‘Cumbent in our hall of coral,
'Neath the green wave's swelling surge,
We will eke out wisdom's moral,
And we'll chaunt a glorious dirge.”

VII.

The fate we dread, curious, we dwell upon,
And fain would learn, what known, augments our woe;
'Twould seem a bliss our very ills to con;
A dreary consolation to foreknow:
Our present miseries yield nor ample show,
But on the wing of expectation we must pry
Into futurity, and needs must have it so:
Yet, still, forebodings dark their goads will ply,
And vainly we resist the fears we cannot fly.

VIII.

There is a period in our very joys;
And, when our draught of bliss would seem excess,
Dubious we scan the uncertain good that cloy:
And the heart sickens, while our sprightliness
May ill conceal the quivering tear;—distress,
Too plainly written in our veriest smiles, doth speak
A language 'twere unseemly to express;
While sadly gleams the blench'd eye but to eke
Fears lighting up with hectic loveliness the cheek.

IX.

So, Herculaneum, in thy festal hour
Gush'd young love into liquid tenderness :
For Helena was bless'd (tempests oft' low'r
When smiles the landscape most); and the caress
Of her Leander, deepen'd a distress
That wrapt in witching sadness her soft eye,
Till chasten'd to a tearful loveliness,
Oh! was the joy illusive! could love fly
Far kindlier days, to barb his arrow with a sigh!

X.

Lock'd in the soft embrace, subsides the fear
That erst pre-monish'd her; when, lo! a dove,
'Reft of its mate, educ'd her pensive tear;
"It cannot be! will heaven thus blight *our* love?"
Leander read the thought, and instant strove :—
But, as his full heart echo'd *that* his will
Had fain suppress'd, his agony above
The comprehension of his frame, was still!
While, thro' his swimming brain, flit shadowy forms of ill.

XI.

“Curst was the hour—oh! could this heart unteach—
But no!—this hell of horror—though hell, heav’n!
For virtue’s transcript thus I clasp, where each
Soft grace, that *singly* might seem *rarely* giv’n,
Shines, as a mirror, where the fair, unshriv’n,
Reflected in the beauteous void, confess
The sum of her perfections: since their leav’n
Is not of imperfection, but excess
Of all not deem’d unlovely, to voluptuousness.”

XII.

The sun more brightly revels o’er the plain
Of the wild Arab, where his scorching beam
Drinks up the moist secretions, life sustain;
Where tree, nor bird, but drowsy batwings teem;
Than where, in climes more genial, the full gleam
Of rays less torrid would fruition give;
So Time, whose little pittance might redeem
And cherish love, that e’en through storms can live,
Oft rather grants to boors insensate, his reprieve.

XIII.

“There is a high rock, in whose clefts the vine
Prolific yields her purple progeny;
From whose gray summit, crown'd with stately pine,
We've mark'd the sun in liquid amber lie,
Till, wrapt in am'rous twilight, the red sky
Blush'd, as she drew night's curtain o'er the main;
Then, if, perchance, my Helena did sigh,
Oh! 'twas the music of a mournful plain,—
The fitful gush of love's o'ertun'd Eolian strain.”

XIV.

Oh! 'tis a lovely spot—there wild goats browse
Secure upon their craggy pinnacles;
Where nature's grant, blest liberty allows;
While, as they mark the varied spectacles,
Earth's teeming cities, ocean's glittering sails,
In cynic apathy, as intervene
Below their sunny height, fate's darkling ills,
War--Famine--Desolation--o'er the scene,
Unmov'd, they ken the wreck of greatness that hath been.

XV.

For, in the chase of glory there's a height:
Beyond, intoxicated, kingdoms reel!
Proud Rome, in her imperial blaze of might,
But lit the way to the barbarian's steel;
Earth perch'd her eagle, Ocean moor'd her keel,
Till northern vultures mark'd her for their prey;
Till tempest-struck, with many an eddying wheel,
Ingulf'd in dark Oblivion's cave she lay,
Where mighty states of eld lie chain'd in throneless sway.

XVI.

It boots not, that "grim Desolation's lair"
Be war's stern chariot, or the earthquake's throes;
Still, heaven's revokeless fiat he must dare;
Still, with his hundred arms, too well he knows
To scatter ruin, nor the task foregoes;
And, 'midst foreboding stillness, as he nears,
(Save whisp'ring Horror's mystic tones) there grows
That mute despair, which flashes forth its fears,
As eye meets eye, and in the soul's delirium leers.

XVII.

And Herculaneum well divin'd that hour:
All, all, save him, than whom Verona own'd ⁽¹⁾
None brighter, 'midst her galaxy of power:
Save thee, illustrious Pliny; and as groan'd
Vesuvius, on whose summit sat enthron'd
That tow'ring cloud which met thine eager gaze, ⁽²⁾
Full many a blithe heart, as the earthquake moan'd
Its hollow dirge athwart the festive blaze,
Sigh'd that it's giant strength might e'en their city raze.

XVIII.

But fated Pliny, in thy quenchless thirst
To drink in knowledge, e'en though nature faint
Thy rage to satisfy, thou wast the first
To cheer the crew, to sooth thy pilot's plaint,
Whose eye, well practis'd, taught his heart's restraint;
"Fortune;" cried'st thou, as he would e'en return,
"Befriends the brave:" ⁽³⁾ had'st thou foreknown her feint,
Nor this last honour in thy train might burn,
Nor her twin-sister Fame, thus proudly own thine urn.

HERCULANEUM.

CANTO II.



HERCULANEUM.

CANTO II.

I.

Italia's cloudless firmament serene,
(Where, unobscur'd the sun with dazzling ray,
Through heaven's blue canopy, lights up the scene)
Smiles gentlest airs; and in the misty spray
Of plashing falls, oft vagrant sunbeams stray;
And twinkling rills, far mountains, sleeping lakes,
And verdant elm-encircling vines, where stray
The festive bands 'mongst odorous groves, and brakes,
Where sings sweet Philomel till many an echo wakes

II.

With soft response, make glad this happy land.
Here villas glisten on the mountain's side ;
Swift cataracts, and winding rivers, plann'd
In nature's gayest mood—the tow'ring pride
Of giant Alps, which o'er the scene preside—
The warbling tenants of her woods, that trill
Their strains of natural melody—the tide
Of song and music, lovers' breasts to thrill—
The dance—the shepherd's pipe—soft-bleating flocks—distil

III.

That bliss which only nature's children feel ;
As pants the soul to climb each steep—to live
Along soft zephyrs—unobserv'd to steal
Where wood-nymphs lave their fervid limbs, and strive
In sylvan sports—where lovers love to thrive—
'Midst deepest glens, where am'rous boughs caress,
Nor peering sunbeams dare the gloom, and live—
Where tangling roots, lav'd in their dark recess
With rippling kisses, frown and scarce th' embrace confess—

IV.

Where, deep in shadiest coverts, the soft stole
Of poësy, in faintest numbers, steals
(As distant falls their mountain-music roll,
As dying echoes scarce repeat their peals)
O'er the wrapt soul which inspiration feels—
Where, far from cities' hum, and life's gay scene,
We commune with our hearts, and trace the wheels
Of Time's fleet chariot, in the varying sheen—
(Now Spring, now Summer, Autumn, Winter now) and glean

V.

Instruction from fair Nature's page—each leaf
Can task the sceptic; each reproof afford;
But most, in dire catastrophes Heav'n's chief
Designs we read; when every blighted gourd
Our stubborn will subdues, till virtue is restor'd.
And Herculaneum fear'd, she knew not why—
Nor more the wine cup cheers the festive board;
Nor beauty's light feet in the dance fly;
For strange unearthly sounds seem'd hurtling⁽¹⁾ in the sky.

VI.

How frail is all that's beautiful on earth !
The fairest flow'rs seem loveliest as they fade ;
Uncertainty gives beauty heavenlier birth ;
As the bright sun, when threat'ning clouds invade,
With deeper, mellowed radiance, tints the glade.
The last sweet odours of the fading rose
Ask tears, that aught so beautiful *can* fade.
E'en love itself, when stricken, lovelier grows,
And gathers hope from hopelessness, and bliss from woes.

VII.

Those lovely forms of most ethereal mould,
Whose natural elegance of air and mien
Bespeaks the spirit scarce by earth control'd ;
Whose bright eyes revel in their beauteous sheen,
Pass like a burst of sunshine, and are seen
No more—like meteors on a midnight sky :
Too delicate to grace the dreary scene
Of a bleak world, they blush, expand, and die ;
To mem'ry leave their sweetness—to the heart a sigh !

VIII.

All—all that's beautiful and great decays,
And noxious littleness exalts its crest—
The worth that struggles in degen'rate days,
Corruption's tide to stem, becomes the jest,
And then the mark of hate, too well express'd—
The mighty tree that screens an abject state,
Stands more expos'd to tempest than the rest;
And when it shelters most, its doom, though late,
Adds deadlier vengeance to the thunderbolts of fate.

IX.

The righteous die, and none their end deplore—
The sensual revel in voluptuousness,
And pierce the heart of virtue to the core;
And suffering goodness deeper still depress;—
But heav'n directs: and ev'n the very stress
Of misery sends fainting souls on high;
As struggling waves, when tempests heaviest press,
From ocean's depths with mightier impulse fly,
And, with impetuous rush, mount nearer to the sky!

X.

All—all must perish: the magnificence
Of sea-girt Tyre, ocean's imperial queen,
Against destruction prov'd no sure defence;
The gorgeous purple that adorn'd her mien
Stay'd not Destruction's hand; no more is seen
The pomp and circumstance which commerce shed,
Whose golden tide pour'd splendour o'er the scene;
The crowded mart, where various nations spread
Their merchandise, seems a still region of the dead!

XI.

Campania's plains were fair and flourishing,
And Roman wealth and luxury had spread
Around Vesuvius more than poets sing;
Villas, halls, palaces—where fountains shed
Their gushing freshness—shadiest walks that led
The pensive loit'rer where the playful breeze
Wanton'd with graceful foliage overhead—
Where blushing flow'rs adorn'd the fragrant trees,
Citron and pomegranate, whose grateful odours please.

XII.

For Herculaneum was the fond retreat
Of ease and opulence; and wealth had done
Its wonders:—with magnificence replete,
And orient splendour, the fair city shone;
And aught that arms from eastern climes had won,
Or luxury contriv'd, was lavish'd there;
Rich porticoes t' exclude the noontide sun,
And sweets of Araby, and Egypt's fair
Productions; aught that pleas'd the sense, or banish'd care.

XIII.

But Herculaneum heav'n's dread cup must quaff!
For Vengeance stays not in his stern career,
Nor heeds soft blandishments, nor the loud laugh
Of revelry; yet Herculaneum fear
Nor terror knew, till from Vesuvius, sear
With conflagration, rush'd the awful cloud:
For, till that portent, none had deem'd so near
The sad catastrophe; and from the crowd
Of revellers the tide of song was pour'd aloud!

1

Where'er the Roman eagles fly,
The Roman virtues shine;
Fill, fill the sparkling goblet high,
With bright Falernian wine.

2

Bring, bring the garlands, strew the flow'rs,
And scatter perfumes round;
Let pleasure gild the fleeting hours,
Where beauty's charms abound!

3

Our hopes are high, our swords are bright,
And laurels shade our brows;
Let mirth and music crown the night,
And Bacchus hear our vows!

4

The morrow's sun may light no more
To conquest or to care;
Fill, fill the bowl with rosy gore,
That each may pledge the fair.

XIV.

But soon the song of impious mirth was hush'd !
For awful sounds bespake volcanic rage :
Now, from Vesuvius' loftiest summit rush'd
A tow'ring pyramid of flame—and sage,
But hapless, Pliny, deem'd that learning's page
Might be enrich'd—and, when the mutt'ring sound
Of subterranean thunder seem'd to wage
An elemental war, his calm soul found
A philosophic bliss, though earthquakes shook the ground.

XV.

Now, now unusual darkness mirks the sky,
And the wild waves emit a lurid glare :—
Hark ! hark ! it is—it is the dreadful cry
Of wand'ring spirits !—fearfully the flare
Lights up the sulph'rous ether—deep despair,
From eye to eye, shoots with electric flash ;—
And ev'ry countenance is blanch'd with care ;—
And fearful yellings mingle with the dash
Of troubled ocean—louder, deadlier than the crash

XVI.

Of palaces that strew their wrecks around.
Some seek by prayer and off'rings to appease
Their deities: but earthquakes rend the ground—
The hoary temples totter—and some please
Themselves with wildest phantasies, and seize,
And madly dash their infants on the stones
Of their fall'n tenements. Oh, for one breeze
To purge the sulph'rous air! oh, for the tones
Of some oblivious lyre, to quell these fearful groans!

XVII.

The gath'ring terror spread from hall to bow'r;—
And, as a stricken lily, the fair form
Of Helena reclin'd—a beauteous flow'r,
Too early nipp'd!—Leander clasp'd her warm
But lifeless frame; and, as the storm
Of deep emotions struggled in his brain,
To heav'n, with look all desolate and lorn,
His cheerless eyes he rais'd, and mournful plain,
And to the wild winds pour'd a sadder, wilder strain:—

1

My soul is like a wand'ring bark
On life's tempestuous sea ;
My rudder's gone, and heaven is dark,
And smiles no more for me.

2

Oh ! I am like the forest oak
That screens its ivy'd mate,
Till the wild storm and lightning's stroke
Give both a common fate.

3

'Tis sad to see the soft flow'r fade
And wither in the sun ;
Then welcome—welcome the mirk shade,
The sands of life are run.

XVIII.

When to the gorge gaunt wolves, in rav'ning prowl,
Scour the bleak Alps, beneath the moon's dim ray,
The soft flocks tremble, as th' uncertain howl
Now sweeps the vale, anon the mountain way ;
In various tracks the fleecy wand'rers stray,
Still doom'd to hear, whatever path they ply,
The dismal, horror-thrilling, ceaseless bay :
Oh ! for some power to climb the trackless sky !
Some power the too inevitable fate to fly.

XIX.

The flare of torches shews where stragglers wend :
Some seek the shore, but seek in vain ; a few,
Cheerless themselves, yet cheer some fainting friend :
But tenderness, chaste flow'r of heavenliest hue,
Loves not the sunless sky and clouded blue
Of chill adversity—nor frequent blows
Where deep despair distils th' ungenial dew
Of apathy—nor its rich fragrance throws
Where loveliest natures learn deep selfishness from woes.

XX.

It was not that fond hearts were wanting there,
That each seem'd wrapt in his own misery ;
Though steel'd to apathy by fell despair,
'Twas the deep feeling of the tearless eye ;
Not selfishness, but voiceless agony !
The wish to save was there—but tenderness
Ev'n softest hearts, in fierce extremes, will fly—
Nor were those breasts less gentle, if the stress
Of woe made sympathy for *others'* weal the less.

XXI.

While Hope remain'd, affection linger'd near ;
But when *she* wav'd her golden wings and flew,
Strong instinct own'd no passion but of fear !
And glowing hearts, where kindest feelings grew,
Those tender names of soft endearment knew
No more—sister, nor sire, wife, husband, friend—
And terror, there, a chilling influence threw,
As from the sky the fiery plagues descend—
And widow'd Nature seem'd fast hast'ning to her end.

XXII.

Some, from despair, gain'd confidence, and fled;
(Sad, sad alternative! to fly the scene
To mem'ry dear, or mingle with the dead!)
With conscious innocence, some look'd serene—
Such, virtuous Pliny, was thy placid mien!
Upon the heav'ns, with stupefaction, some
Gaz'd wildly!—others in small groups were seen—
And saddest sounds, as of the muffled drum
O'er valour's bier, rose fitfully with stifled hum!

XXIII.

On the dark sky, more exquisitely bright,
The glowing flame and flashing lightning shew'd
If sad the day, more terrible the night!
And sounds, as though opposing armies rode
With clatt'ring hoof, rush'd from the drear abode
Of fire volcanic, with the impetuous show'r
Of many-colour'd stones that brightly glow'd!
Anon the heaving mountain own'd such pow'r
Its troubled womb within, as when fierce tempests cower,

XXIV.

And agonizing with big thunder clouds,
Scare, with their deadly howl and deadlier bolt,
The sailor-boy, fast clinging to the shrouds!
Wild nature, reckless as th' unbridled colt,
From stated laws urg'd on to deep revolt
By one ascendant element, misrule
Express'd, and anarchy—as when a dolt
And dastard state, obsequious to some tool
Of faction, discord learns in civil war's fell school.

XXV.

The misty undulating vapours seem'd,
(Lit by the brightness) like a golden cloud
Or spreading bow, that beautifully gleam'd,
But not with hope! Anon was heard a loud
And deaf'ning thunder-peal, as the dim shroud
Of sulph'rous vapour wreath'd Vesuvius' brow!
With throes of anguish, the pain'd mountain bow'd
Its giant form, which ne'er convuls'd till now,
Seem'd doom'd to brave stern Time's slow desolating plough.

XXVI.

'Tis sad to see the forms we doat upon
Yield 'neath the pressure of that soft disease,
Which sheds such beauty as it urges on,
Its gloomiest presages have pow'r to please !
Sadly we listen, as the pensive breeze
Wafts the shrill sorrows of some plaintive bird,
Whose tender young, dash'd rudely from the trees,
The parent mourns, in notes not tearless heard,
Her little nestlings, in their leafy grave interr'd.

XXVII.

'Tis sad to trace those scenes, now desolate,
Which once our youth and thoughtless childhood deem'd
Less lovely, when, with airy schemes elate,
Wildly advent'rous, the far prospect seem'd
Sweeter than home, where peace and comfort beam'd !
Thus heedlessly each distant good we prize;
Nor deem that on the present joy hath gleam'd;
Till from the wish'd-for height, (oh sad surprise!)
Back to the scene we've quitted all the brightness flies!

XXVIII.

'Tis sad to think that voice is silent now,
That lull'd our cradled-infancy; that hush'd
Our little sorrows; taught our knees to bow,
Our tongue to lisp in pray'r;—those eyes that gush'd
With pity, dim;—and quench'd that lovè that rush'd
Our griefs to soothe: and as the willows wave
Over that sacred earth, when all is hush'd,
'Tis sadly-sweet with filial tears to lave
The mournful spot, and deck with flow'rs a mother's grave,

XXIX.

Sadly the exil'd Negro thinks of home,
His wife, his sire, his children and his friends!—
'Tis sad, if long in distant climes we roam,
To think that heart may beat no more, which sends
To heav'n the pray'r on which our weal depends!—
Sad to the peasant is the desolate spot
(When with wild rush the avalanche descends,)
As from some mountain's brow he mourns his lot,
Weeps for his home, his native vale, his little cot!

XXX.

But sadness is a name nor measureless
Nor deep enough, when flaming cities burn,
To tell those horrors, words can ill express!—
Woes fatally immitigable spurn
Recital, but from such as ne'er return!—
Troy's overthrow, reluctantly, *he* told,
Who sigh'd that Carthage' queen those ills would learn,
Whose sad narration made his heart grow cold—
Ills, not Ulysses tearless nam'd, though fiercely bold.

XXXI.

If Priam fell, 'twas but the fate of kings—
To wield the sceptre and to wear the shroud!
'Twas Phrygian glory lent Destruction wings—
As brightest suns attract the deepest cloud.
Not envied grandeur *Herculaneum* bow'd,
Her sons destroy'd, her city, and her name,—
Though angry shades to blot her beauty crowd,
They follow not the brightness of her fame—
Nor hath she fall'n, but with dissolving nature's frame!

XXXII.

But she hath fall'n: those halls are tenantless,
Where downy ease luxuriously reclin'd;—
Nor busy sounds the pensive ear oppress,
Nor mirth invades the solitary mind.
Where, once, the song and dance were unconfin'd,
In hallow'd musings the sad trav'ler dwells,
Weeps o'er a scene to darkness long consign'd,
A city mur'd in deep oblivion's cells,
Where not one blissful ray th' eternal gloom dispels.

XXXIII.

How short the reign of sublunary joy!
The laughing day, though bright, oft sets in storms;—
So purest pleasures yield some deep alloy!—
Though heaven's clear blue no envious cloud deforms,
But the mild sun, with mellow radiance, warms,
And, o'er the landscape, pours his cheering light;
Yet, in his course, the gath'ring vapour forms,
Till parting gleams, slow struggling on the sight,
He sets—like happiness—in dark tempestuous night!

XXXIV.

So Herculaneum's brightness pass'd away ;
Her morn was beautiful: the Roman, there,
Shed such magnificence that all was gay ;
Her noontide lovelier shew'd, unblanch'd with care,
Such splendour hers, she seem'd more passing fair :
But evening clouds proclaim the approaching ire
Of the fierce element, whose stores prepare
Their fatal vengeance—till convulsions dire
Scare the nocturnal blackness with tremendous fire !

XXXV.

Sad hour of travail and deep agony !
The lab'ring mountain groans with inward pain !
Her burning entrails lash the startled sky,
And, swift disgorg'd, now headlong fill the plain,
Now, in red surges light the troubled main ;—
But deadlier pangs the tortur'd mountain shews
Sad presages of a still deadlier bane ;
Now deeper, stronger, mightier yet the throes,
Till scarce her bursting womb contains the struggling woes !

XXXVI.

Drear was the night, and Desolation's power
Stalk'd wildly forth, lit by volcanic fire;
Not one bright ray to light the cheerless hour—
Not one glad tone from Hope's delusive lyre—
The song no more—no more the thrilling quire—
For, from the mountain's side, with dazzling light,
The flaming ministers of Death conspire—
The burning lava pours its quenchless might,
And sweeps the beauteous scene to everlasting night.

XXXVII.

From joy to grief, life's changeful current flows,
Whose restless waves such quick transition bring,
From fortune's heights, anon to headlong woes,
They sweep earth's mightiest son, though sceptred-king.
Say what is happiness!—the bird of spring
That speeds its course to cheer youth's halcyon-day;
Stoops earthward, on its bright ethereal wing,
Deigns but one glance, but one celestial lay,
Descends,—bears heav'n to mortals,—sings,—and flies away.

END OF CANTO II.

HERCULANEUM.

CANTO III.



HERCULANEUM.

CANTO III.

I.

'Tis morn!—the level sun shines mildly bright ;
But not on Herculaneum rests that beam,
Which, in her splendour, pour'd its golden light
O'er fanes and palaces—for as a dream
That quick dissolves before morn's cheerful gleam,
Her pomp and loveliness had pass'd away ;
Nor was there aught of bliss which might redeem
From Desolation's power, or shed one ray
To chase the shades of death, or gild her sunless day.

II.

In dire extremes, what mind its tension keeps!
Joy laughs, ecstatic, in his wild ascent!—
Despair sits motionless in misery's deeps!—
Though calm the soul, when grief in tears is spent,
In minds where stifled passion finds no vent
For sorrow's flood, or joy's electric fire,
Surcharg'd with bliss, the bursting soul is rent;
Or, in dull moodiness, and sullen ire
Its listless woes in drear inanity expire.

III.

Of those who fled, a few—save one, a boy,
Too young to know, though slave-born, slav'ry's pains,—
With flight intoxicated, died of joy!
With frantic energy, a few their chains
Had burst, and dungeon-fetters, till the reins
Which held in durance, snapt, as the wild steed
That snuffs the lib'ral air and scours the plains
Inspir'd with liberty, their ev'ry deed
Had all th' extravagance of slaves from bondage freed.

IV.

But, where the few rejoice, the many weep.
Though wretches smile'd, and call'd destruction friend,
There were, who mourn'd, in lamentation deep,
Their much-lov'd city, and bewail'd her end.
For some, in that sad night, had lost or friend,
Sire, wife, or child; dear names which ne'er depart,
But, in the soul, with tenderest feelings blend;
Names, from whose thrilling sympathies to part,
'Tis death, 'tis worse than death—the shipwreck of the heart!

V.

What wonder, when such bands can chain the soul,
That some to silent apathy sunk down!
The heart that loves intensely may controul;
But none, in Lethe's depths, those feelings drown,
Whose germ survives, or blight, or wintry frown!
Oh! friendship, love, or whatsoever the spell
That links in tender charities, slave, clown,
Prince, peasant, swain, 'tis heaven with thee to dwell;
From thee dis sever'd, heav'n itself, though heav'n, were hell.

VI.

There is a grief of feeling that will live,
And deeper strike its fond tenacious roots,
When tempests howl, and sweeter odours give;
Grief which, in storms, puts forth its tenderest shoots,
And smiles on heaven, with love's delicious fruits,
Though skies are sunless:—thus, untrain'd by art,
Grew loveliest sympathies:—though ill it boots
That such should bloom from friendship's beam apart,
Yet, who can love, and lose, and staunch the bleeding heart!

VII.

But, there was one, a sire of reverend mien,
Whose silvery locks gleam'd mildly in the sun;
Firm was his step, calm, placid, and serene.
Withal, at intervals, he seem'd as one
On whom despair her deadliest work had done:
And, though the tide of feeling urg'd its course,
And its full vent, well nigh, in tears had won,
Yet, in one big recoil, with headlong force,
Upon the heart thrown back, 'twas stifled in its source.

VIII.

So near th' extremes of apathy and tears!
One faint pulsation bids the passions flow;
One chilling thought can freeze to sluggish fears,
And dull inanity. No common woe
His heart had sear'd; for, from that fatal blow,
Childless and way-worn, 'twas his lot to roam;
Unbless'd by filial care, toss'd to and fro,
From wave to wave, like ocean's restless foam,
Cast on a friendless world, from happiness and home.

IX.

For he had lost his Helena, his child,
The last lov'd scion of a blasted line;
Whose tender care his weary age beguil'd:
And, if 'twere hard untimely to resign
A heart so lovely, innocent, benign;
'Twas still more touching, that that form was rife
With power to wake from memory's shadowy mine,
And image forth to beauty and to life,
Each lineament and grace of a fond youthful wife.

X.

No more—his bursting soul, o'erwrought with grief,
With earthly things he held no sympathy;
One gush of tenderness had brought relief;
But tears with him, or joys, had lost their plea;
For nought he lov'd, or fear'd, or car'd to flee;
Confounded, lost, bewilder'd, phrenzied, spent,
He seem'd the sport of each extremity;
Till, all his hopes in one sad ruin blent,
His passing spirit sigh'd a last, loud, deep lament.

1.

'Tis o'er—'tis o'er—oh! heaven, 'tis o'er!
My shatter'd soul is rent,
With passion's throes,
And nameless woes,
That leave me nought to fear, deplore,
Or sigh that life is spent.

2.

Oh! I could weep the fatal night,
Sad night of death and fears!
But what have I,
Beneath the sky,
'Reft of my all, in one drear blight,
That asks or joy or tears!

XI.

In victory's arms to yield this fleeting life,
With fame to blazon forth the martial deed,
Were deem'd of glory, by the sons of strife.—
And sure their names deserve the heart-felt meed
And laurel-wreath, who, for their country, bleed;
Those dauntless breasts, whose valour urges on,
In freedom's soil, to cast the sacred seed
Of liberty, and cherish what they've won,
With tears and blood, as on thy plain, oh Marathon!

XII.

Who would not covet such a glorious doom
As theirs, whose high-born spirit might not flee
The Persian's rage, nor fear a patriot's tomb!
Who brav'd the storm at dread Thermopylæ!
High o'er that holy spot the spreading tree
Of Freedom long her sacred boughs shall wave;
In every age, the sons of liberty
Shall come, as pilgrims, with their tears to lave
The awful ashes there, and bless the patriot's grave.

XIII.

But, to be exil'd from one's hearth and home,
By famine, war, or pestilence, or fire;
O'er life's sad wilderness of care to roam,
With every feeling crush'd, and fond desire;
With memory's canker-worm the soul to tire,
In fruitless yearnings o'er our far-flown joys;
With thought to steal the mind's Promethean fire,
And slowly tell life's bitterest alloys;
This is that living death, which, more than death, destroys!

XIV.

'Twas this consum'd fair Helena's sad sire:
The keen reflection, the sad retrospect,
No future joy to wing the light desire,
And bear aloft the soul, when ills deject.
Behind, the tempest;—with the lightning fleck'd,
The distance threaten'd, as the past had scar'd.
If Desolation with huge spoils were deck'd,
Still, in the whirlwind, Discord's torches flar'd,
And light,—but not of hope,—than darkness deadlier, glar'd.

XV.

The unsunn'd flower must wither, droop, and die;
Spring's earliest promise shuns the sickly gleam,
When wintry blasts resume the vernal sky;
So, when black care and huge afflictions teem,
Nor soft affection yields its cheering beam,
Must weary age recline its drooping head,
And float adown mortality's rude stream;
Cast, like a lily, on its watery bed,
That lives, while life is fair, then, mingles with the dead.

XVI.

Full many a fugitive, with sorrow, plied
His dreary wandering, as the wave-worn bark,
Upon the mightiest billow, still may ride:
But to *his* soul, the night was rude and dark;
With hope, nor compass, nor the glimmering spark
Of solitary star. Thus, thus, unblest'd,
His sun went down, with none, he lov'd, to mark
His dying wish, record that wish, confess'd;
Thus sunk his weary age, eternally to rest.

NOTES.

TO

HERCULANEUM.

CANTO I.

1.

————— *than whom Verona own'd*
None brighter, 'midst her galaxy of power.

Stanza xvii., line 2.

"Few towns have contributed more largely to the reputation of Roman literature, or have been more fertile in the production of genius, taste and knowledge, than Verona. Catullus and Macer, supposed to be introduced by Virgil into his Eclogues, under the pastoral name of Mopsus; Cornelius Nepos and Pomponius Secundus; Vitruvius and Pliny the Elder, form a constellation of luminaries of the first magnitude, and shed a distinguishing lustre on the place of their birth and early education."—*Eustace's Classical Tour, Vol. I. Chap. II.*

H

2.

That tow'ring cloud which met thine eager gaze.

Stanza xvii., line 6.

We are informed, in a letter from Pliny the Younger to his friend Tacitus, that, at the time when the eruption took place, his uncle was stationed with the fleet under his command at Misenum. "On the 24th. of August (says this writer) about one in the afternoon, my mother desired him to observe a cloud, which appeared of a very unusual size and shape. He had just returned from taking the benefit of the sun, and after bathing himself in cold water, and taking a slight repast, was returned to his study. He immediately arose and went out upon an eminence, from whence he might more distinctly view this very uncommon appearance. It was not at that distance discernible from what mountain this cloud issued, but it was found afterwards to ascend from Mount Vesuvius. I cannot give you a more exact description of its figure, than by resembling it to that of a pine tree; for it shot up a great height in the form of a trunk, which extended itself at the top into a sort of branches; occasioned, I imagine, either by a sudden gust of air that upheld it, the force of which decreased as it advanced upwards; or the cloud itself being pressed back again by its own weight, expanded in this manner. It appeared sometimes bright and sometimes dark and spotted, as it was either more or less impregnated with earth and cinders.—*Melmoth's Translation of Pliny's Letters, Book VI. Let. 16.*

3.

"Fortune," cried'st thou, as he would e'en return,

"Befriends the brave."

Stanza xviii. line 7.

Considerable curiosity having been excited in the mind of Pliny, by the appearance of so extraordinary a phenomenon, he desired that

a light vessel should be prepared, that he might take a nearer view of it. "As he was coming out of the house he received a note from Rectina, the wife of Bassus, who was in the utmost alarm at the imminent danger which threatened her: for her villa being situated at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, there was no way of escape but by sea; she earnestly entreated him, therefore, to come to her assistance. He accordingly changed his first design, and what he began with a philosophical, he pursued with an heroic turn of mind. He ordered the galleys to put to sea, and went himself on board, with an intention of assisting, not only Rectina, but several others; for the villas stand extremely thick upon that beautiful coast. When hastening to the place from whence others fled with the utmost terror, he steered his direct course to the point of danger; and with so much calmness and presence of mind, as to be able to make and dictate his observations upon the motion and figure of that dreadful scene. He was now so nigh the mountain that the cinders, which grew thicker and hotter the nearer he approached, fell into the ships, together with pumice-stones and pieces of burning rock. They were likewise in danger, not only of being a-ground by the sudden retreat of the sea, but also from the vast fragments which rolled down from the mountain, and obstructed all the shore. Here he stopped to consider whether he should return back again; to which the pilot advising him, "*Fortune*," said he, "*befriends the brave; carry me to Pomponianus.*"

"Pomponianus was then at Stabiae, separated by a gulf which the sea, after several insensible windings, forms upon the shore. He had already sent his baggage on board; for though he was not at that time in actual danger, yet being within the view of it, and indeed extremely near, if it should in the least increase he was determined to put to sea, as soon as the wind should change. It was favourable however for carrying my uncle to Pomponianus, whom he found in the greatest consternation: he embraced him with tenderness, encouraging and exhorting him to keep up his spirits; and the more to dissipate his

fears, he ordered, with an air of unconcern, the baths to be got ready; when after having bathed he sate down to supper with great cheerfulness, or at least, what is equally heroic, with all the appearance of it. In the mean-while the eruption from Mount Vesuvius, flamed out in several places with much violence, which the darkness of the night contributed to render still more visible and dreadful. But my uncle in order to sooth the apprehensions of his friend, assured him it was only the burning of the villages, which the country people had abandoned to the flames. After this he retired to rest and it is most certain he was so little discomposed as to fall into a deep sleep: for being pretty fat, and breathing hard, those who attended without actually heard him snore. The court which led to his apartment being now almost filled with stones and ashes, if he had continued there any time longer, it would have been impossible for him to have made his way out, it was thought proper, therefore, to awaken him. He got up and went to Pomponianus and the rest of his company, who were not unconcerned enough to think of going to bed. They consulted together whether it would be most prudent to trust to the houses, which now shook from side to side, with frequent and violent concussions, or fly to the open fields, where the calcined stones and cinders, though light indeed, yet fell in large showers, and threatened destruction. In this distress they resolved for the fields, as the less dangerous situation of the two: a resolution which, while the rest of the company were hurried into by their fears, my uncle embraced on cool and deliberate consideration. They went out then, having pillows tied upon their heads with napkins; and this was their whole defence against the storm of stones that fell around them. It was now day every where else; but there, a deeper darkness prevailed than in the most obscure night, which, however, was in some degree dissipated by torches and other lights of various kinds. They thought proper to go down farther upon the shore, to observe if they might safely put out to sea; but they found the waves still run extremely high and boisterous. There my uncle, having drunk a glass or two

of cold water, threw himself down upon a cloth which was spread for him, when immediately the flames and a strong smell of sulphur, which was the forerunner of them, dispersed the rest of the company, and obliged him to rise: he raised himself up with the assistance of two of his servants, and instantly fell down dead: suffocated, as I conjecture, by some gross and noxious vapour, having always had weak lungs, and frequently subject to a difficulty of breathing. As soon as it was light again, which was not till the third day after this melancholy accident, his body was found entire, and without any marks of violence upon it, exactly in the same position that it fell and looking more like a man asleep than dead.¹—*Melmoth's Translation of Pliny's Letters, Book VI. Letter 16.*

CANTO II.

1.

For strange unearthly sounds seem'd hurtling in the sky.

Stanza v., line 9.

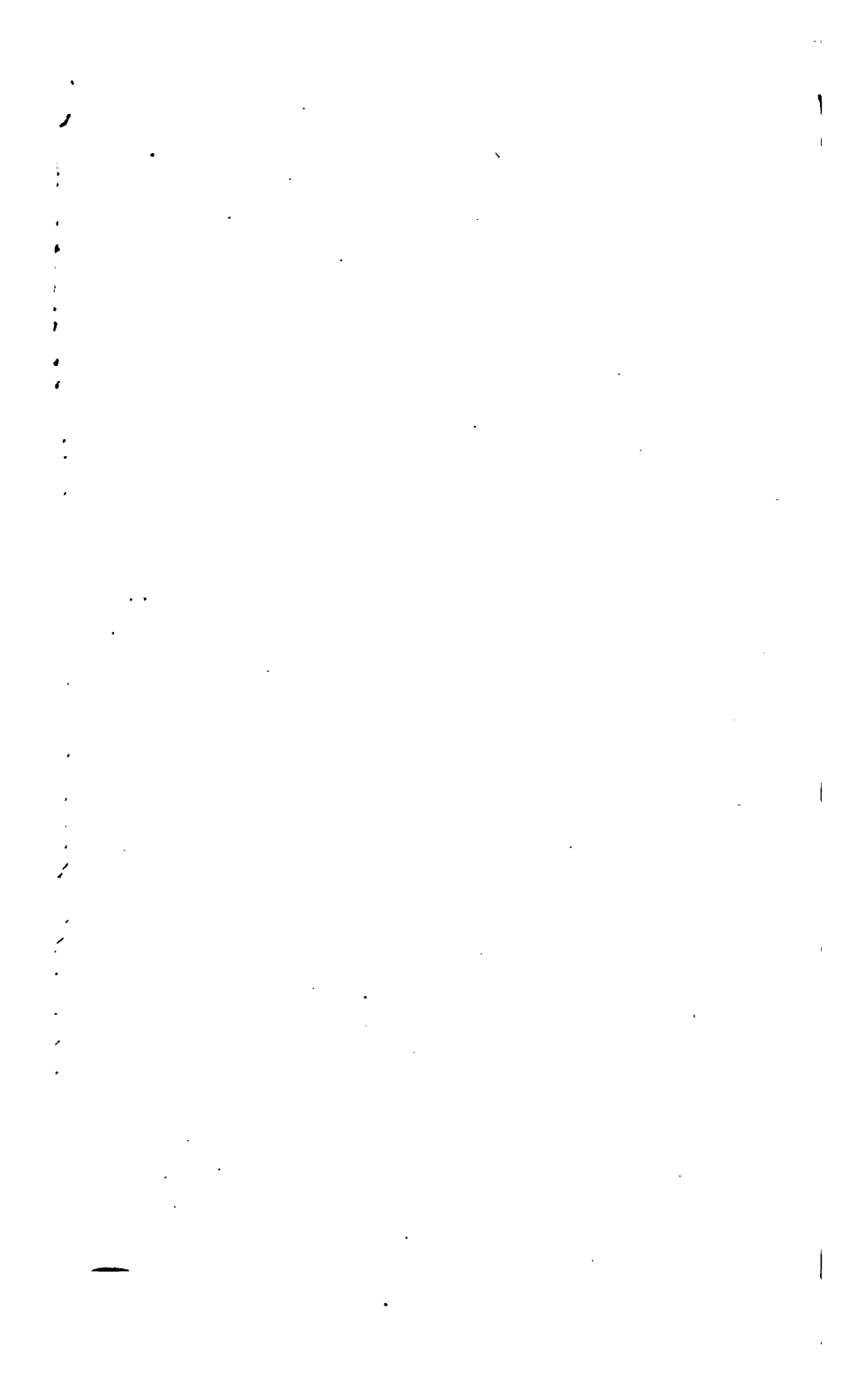
"Iron-sleet of arrowy shower

"Hurtles in the darken'd air."

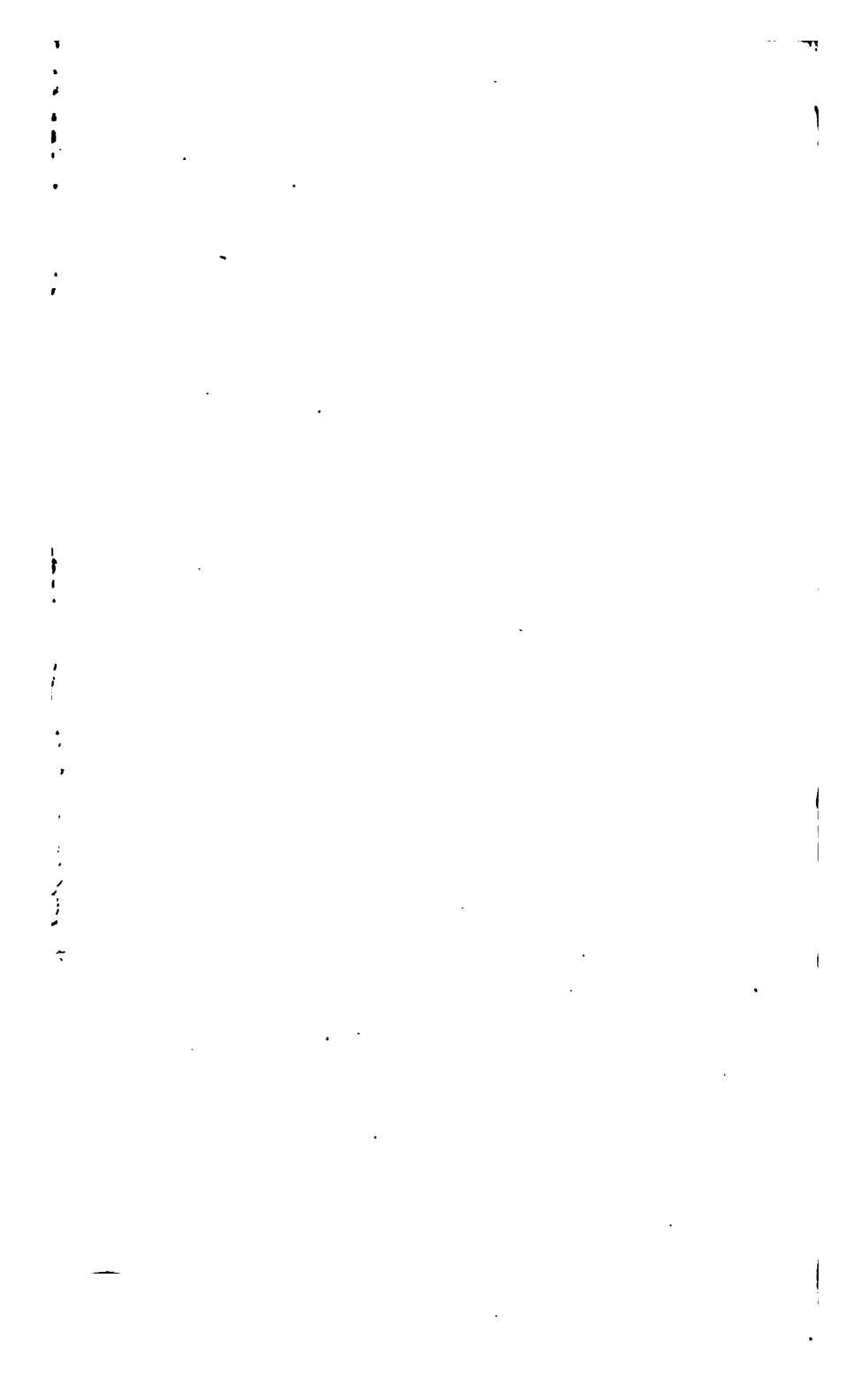
Gray.

"The noise of battle hurtled in the air."

Shakespeare.



POEMS.



POEMS.

MORNING.

A FRAGMENT.

'Tis morn! for lo! o'er yonder hill,
Aurora gilds the sparkling rill;
Her roses deck the eastern sky,
While night's drear shades are passing by.
All nature smiling seems, and gay,
And hails th' approach of welcome day.
The milk-maid singing trips a-field
To tend her charge, which gladly yield
Their stores nutritious, and anon
Lie basking in the morning sun.
The ploughman yokes his sturdy team,
And, gladsome as the morning beam

Which dances on the trembling lake,
Tunes his shrill whistle o'er the brake,
While startled songsters catch the strain
And warbling send it back again,
And timid puss bounds swiftly by,
Dreaming of nought but huntsman's cry.

How sweet, at this blest hour, to trace
The varied scenes o'er Nature's face;
To mark bright Sol in golden car
Marshal his herald beams to war,
And, darting forth effulgent light,
Expel the gloom of murky night:
Thus genius bursting from her cell
The mists of error doth dispel,
Asserts fair truth, and, shining bright,
Redeems the soul from mental night.
'Tis sweet, as rising from the plain,
And gliding through th' etherial main,
To hear the lark his matin sing,
While soaring high on vent'rous wing;
'Tis passing sweet, the voice of praise
And homage paid in purest lays

To Nature's God, who built those skies,
Where the glad warbler swiftly hies.
In strains like these the Seraph sings,
Bright herald of the King of Kings,
While 'neath his wings his face he veils,
And on his lips devotion fails.

Above, around, where'er I stray
Some beauty meets my devious way:—
There the lone church of gothic style
An aged venerable pile :
The hands that rear'd its arches gray,
Long since have sought their bed of clay.
Here 'neath the turf with ozers twin'd
Securely sleeps the village hind :
Tired of life's toilsome round of care,
Here, one by one, the crowd repair :
The weary pilgrim erst hath found
A peaceful home, this hallow'd ground ;
Where beauty, sleeping 'neath the sod,
Lies pillow'd by the homely clod.

But lo ! my dubious footsteps tend,
Where solemn yews their drear tops bend,
As to the whispering voiceless breeze
Wave their dark locks !—sepulchral trees !
The scar'd rook, cawing, wings his flight ;
The lonely owl, sole queen of night,
Scarce loves to ken the mystic scene,
And hies her from her bower of green ;
The rustic, who, with vacant eye,
His rude forefathers passes by,
Nor dares the path when spectres gray
Revel beneath the moony ray ;
For oft his grandame would relate
The maniac-maiden's doleful fate,
While to the music of her wheel,
Chaunting the strain, a tear would steal
Adown the furrows time had made,
On the once blushing beauteous maid :—

Maiden, weep not ; 'neath the green turf,
Sleeps thy lover sweetly now ;
Swept ashore upon the dread surf,
From the vessel's gallant prow :
Maiden, weep not—vain, alas ! the plighted vow.—

“ My William is on the wide sea,
“ Soon he's coming to make me his bride :
“ The waves bore his bark far from me ;
“ Cruel men my love tore from my side.
“ My William—ah ! why on the main ?—
“ The sea-bird seeks his mate in her bow'r :
“ Ah ! why will you longer remain,
“ In this storm-boding pitiless hour ?

“ How sweet was the morn when I first met my lover,
“ All under the greenwood shade :
“ The birds sung so sweetly,
“ The peasants so featly
“ Danc'd under the green arcade.”—

Maiden, weep not; for thy sorrow
Idly floats adown the gale:
As to day, so still to-morrow,
Shalt thou tell a useless tale:
Maiden, weep not; never more thy lover shapes his sail.

“ Then over his grave
“ Shall the ocean-wave
“ Chaunt wildly our funeral dirge;
“ For deep in my breast
“ Shall my sorrow rest,
“ Till washed by the fatal surge.”

Then from the high rock,
In the wild dashing spray,
She threw in a lock
Of his hair, and, away
With a shriek, she was lost in the foam.

* * * *

AN AUTUMNAL THOUGHT.

As the rush of far waters from earth's highest steeps,
Through the gloom of the forest the wild music sweeps;
To the blast of November awakes my sad lyre,
But oh! where is the breath of its music and fire!

Though the leaves of the forest are "withered and strown,"
And the winter is near, and the summer is flown,
And my heart is untun'd, as it thinks with a sigh,
That the brightness is past, and the tempest is nigh;—

Yet the spring shall return, and, from nature oppress'd,
Brush the tremulous tear with its beautiful vest;
And the summer once more, with its bright yellow beam,
Shall disport with the wild leaves that dance in the stream.

But frail man, like a flower that expands in the sun,
Sheds the sweetness of youth, and his journey is run;
Like the flow'r though he tarry till noon-splendours shine,
Yet he flees ere the shadows of evening decline.

There is hope of a tree, though the lightning of heaven
To its centre the huge forest monarch hath riven;
Through the scent of the water, its stock, though it die,
Like the sapling shall rear its proud branches on high.

But frail man, like the flow'r, when the breath of decay
Sweeps its delicate form, soon his youth fades away;
Like the flower, though unsullied, fresh beauties disclose
In the beings we love, yet for ever,—they close.

As the visions of morning when light opes the eyes,
Life's gay bubble enchants, till it bursts as it flies;
Like the leaf, though he wanton the long summer's day,
Yet the flood of mortality sweeps him away.

Now his sons rise to honour, again they're brought low,
But he tastes not their pleasures, he feels not their woe:
And the wife of his youth fondly weeps o'er his bier,
But affection returns not the conjugal tear.

Like the hireling he toils his short day in the sun,
And the evening steals on, and his labour is done:
From the sleep of eternity man first arose,
And the slumbers of death soon his eyelids must close.

As the waters retire to the depths of the sea,
And the floods from the fierce raging sultriness flee,
Wearied mortals recline, nor their death-sleep is o'er
Till the loud blast resound, and the heav'ns be no more.

SPRING.

WHY dash the waters at my feet!
The cloudless blue of heav'n looks sweet!
And though, betimes, the jocund day
Weeps lover's tears o'er ling'ring May,
Yet April cheers her saddest hours
With laughing sun and blooming flowers.
When, from the hills, the headlong stream
Seeks shelter from the sultry beam,
And the tir'd swallow stoops to lave
His pinion 'neath the cooling wave,
'Tis sweet, with vagrant steps, to stray
Alone, where sportive shadows play;
To mark the glories of the plain,
And listen to the ceaseless strain.
Nor less when Autumn's various womb,
With blushing grape of purple bloom,

And golden leaf, and fading green,
Sheds its last honours o'er the scene.
But more the Muse delights to sing
The op'ning beauties of the Spring;
Young Nature teeming in the bud,
Than summer sun or wintry flood :
Anticipation in the dawn;
Existence,—tim'rous as the fawn,—
Half pleas'd, half trembling, as the breeze
Sighs wildly through the pensive trees.
But if the Muse delight to sing
Than floods or radiant skies, the Spring,
Oh! what the bliss when *Woman's* name
Must sweep the lyre, and raise the flame!
Dear name! whose more than mystic charm
May e'en the tyrant's rage disarm;
Or, dreadful as the angry blaze
Of wrathful heaven, can empires raze,
We love thee still, and still must praise :
Still must we love that sweetest flow'r
That blest, yet curst fair Eden's bow'r;
For had no tear-drop dash'd the stem,
It had not bloom'd in Bethlehem!

AUTUMN.

Now fades the landscape's beauteous sheen;
Autumnal glories gild the scene;
Of duskier hue the woods appear;
The forest leaf is dead and sear;
And 'reft of all its verdant pride,
Like pleasure past, oblivion's tide,
Ruthless, the sportive rustler sweeps
From sylvan scenes to gloomy deeps.
Let beauty read a moral here.—
And shall *her* leaf be dead and sear!
Shall that fair bloom that spring bestows,
See autumn's blight, and winter's snows!
And, one by one, her ev'ry grace,
The rose, the lily, quit her face!

And must she know that darkling stream,
Where all her charms shall charmless seem,
Where beauty sheds a cheerless beam!
Oh! then, may Sharon's flower impart
The lovelier graces of the heart;
The heart, where ev'ry virtue shews,
Fairer than lilies, or the rose.

WINTER.

WITH stiffen'd limbs and shiv'ring frame,
Quench'd in his eye the Summer's flame,
His hoar locks drench'd with icy dew,
Voiceless his lips of livid hue,
From arctic glooms swift peering forth,
On courser of the rugged north,
Gaunt Winter nears. In grim array,
Spell-struck, the floods forget to stray;
His steed's swift nostril-blast withstood,
Howls on the gale the tortur'd wood;
The mountain ash, uprooted, galls
The madd'ning deeps to deaf'ning falls;
Smit with the sound, the bellowing rock
Repeats, through all its caves, the shock.

But, lo! the dubious sun displays,
O'er glist'ning plains, a dazzling blaze,
Through nature sheds serene delight,
And gleams in soft effulgent might.
Now smiles the landscape 'neath his ray;
Now countless gems the woods betray,
In sparkling radiance, as they play:
The cottage cur, delighted, barks,
As, wistful, overhead, he marks
The gath'ring train of flocking larks:
Nor can the red-breast well refrain,
But, rustling, tunes his simple plain.

But short the joy; for length'ning shades
Steal o'er the scene, and through the glades,
The dreary night-winds slowly creep,
And from the hills the torrents sweep.
The herdsman hies him to the stall,—
For hazy skies portend a fall,—
And drives a-field his saunt'ring charge,
Incumbent o'er the icy marge;
Till, with loud strokes, a space he clears,
And, water'd, homeward drives his steers.

The wearied sportsman, through the gloom,
Sends his last shot in length'ning boom;
And village curs that bay'd the light,
Howl dreary on the cheerless night.

Oh! how delightful now the cot,
The cheerful blaze, the seething pot;
The viands sav'ry, and the smile
That can ten thousand cares beguile !
Such bless'd retreat the christian knows,
When age invests his head with snows;
In vain its utmost pains contend,
The Man of Sorrows is his Friend;
A Friend who, when his comfort dies,
Is touch'd with his infirmities !

ON FRIENDSHIP.

OFt have I seen the glorious sun
Obscur'd, ere half his course was run,
By darkling clouds, whose envious shade
Had chequer'd o'er the smiling glade.
But vain their power, for the same ray
That lighted up the cheerful day,
Purg'd off in tears the gath'ring shroud,
And shone more lovely from the cloud.
Once more was felt the radiant power,
And sweeter bloom'd each fragrant flower;
A vital freshness flush'd the scene,
And nature smiled in living green:
More sprightly from the grateful shower,
Each sportive streamlet own'd the power,
In circling eddies wound his way,
And launch'd amid the dancing spray.

And can it be, that angry skies,
Where friendship every cloud defies,
Shall dare to blanch that hallow'd light,
And give the soul to cheerless night!
Oh no! in vain their power they raise,
They only lend a brighter blaze ;
For friendship, taught by love divine,
In sweet forgiveness learns to shine.

VERSES.

THERE is a pang that rends the heart
That all may feel, though none can tell;
So soft, it may not thence depart;
So fatal, there it must not dwell.
Yet, who that knows the tender woe,
For dull unchequer'd bliss would yield
The pleasing sadness, and forego
The dangerous power that none can wield!

Sweet is the peaceful river-stream,
Whose banks are lined with harmless flocks!
Whose breast reflects the evening beam—
But sweeter, when, from Alpine rocks,
Headlong, adown the dizzy steeps,
It spurns whate'er disputes its reign,

Rolls in hoarse thunder through the deeps,
Hies on, and shakes its foaming mane.—
So dauntless love, that knows no stay,
Though frowning rocks obstruct its course,
Though clouds obscure the blissful day,
But, onward, with resistless force,
Heeds nor proud rocks, nor vengeful ire
Of stormy skies, a sweeter tide,
Urged on by passion's quenchless fire,
Than aught by apathy supplied;
Than that dull flood, whose sluggish wave
Is only urged by golden showers,
Which from stagnation scarce can save
Its lazy stream, and sleepy powers.

Where interest plies the oar of love
The bark may sail in gallant show;
With stately dulness onward move,
And idly boast its gilded prow:
But where affection swells the sail,
Swifter than thought, the vessel flies;
Spreads wide its canvass to the gale,
And proudly braves inclement skies.

But how to tempt the fearful wave—
 Hope's shipwreck, oh! how fatal there;
 Where one dear smile hath power to save,
 One frown to sink in swift despair!
 So, from his eyrie, where the deep
 Rolls, far beneath, its awful tide,
 The eaglet, with aerial sweep,
 Longs to launch forth in kingly pride:
 But as he kens the dreary main,
 Fear lends new terrors to the wave,
 Till hunger plumes his wings to gain
 A blissful flight, or watery grave!

HYMN.

How shall the young from vice refrain,
Link'd in with Pleasure's madd'ning train,
And lur'd by ev'ry wile!
Whose bosom, like the peaceful deep
When whispering breezes scarcely sweep,
Will dimple with a smile.

But once the tide of vice set in,
As wave on wave, sin crowds on sin,
In one tumultuous chase;
Till, to the skies, the angry flood
Rolls its defiance at its God,
And he withholds his grace.

But where religion sways the soul,
Nor sin's impetuous billows roll,
 Nor tempests lash the deep ;
Life's peaceful current gently flows—
A holy calm, a blest repose—
 Soft as an angel's sleep.

Though sorrow swell the dreary gale,
And darkness o'er the soul prevail,
 And clouds, and woes, and fears;
Yet, with the morning, light returns,
And joy succeeds, and rapture burns,
 And woe dissolves in tears.

Thus sweetly on *his* moments glide,
Whom Heav'n, from lawless passion's tide
 And headlong vice, sets free;
Mildly the Sun of Righteousness
Beams on his parting soul, to bless
 Its bright eternity.

A DREAM.

'TWAS night!—each sense was lock'd in sleep—
A vision held my heart in thrall—
My eyes were seal'd—I could not weep—
For help I sought, nor yet could call—
Nor sigh, though lash'd with agony!
I half respir'd, yet held my breath;
An effort made, but could not fly
The awful form—that form was DEATH.

A dusky mountain, or a cloud—
I know not which—my resting place—
A skull, a coffin, and a shroud,
A ghastly form, and ghastlier face
My soul appall'd!—the darkness seem'd
Still darker, as ten thousand lights
From eyeless sockets wildly gleam'd,
That shew'd, yet dimly, fearful sprites!

The pallid form I first beheld,
A shapeless thing—a monster grew!
Its hand a kingly sceptre held,
And thunders hurl'd, and lightnings threw!
On a pale horse it seem'd to ride,
Whose nostrils glow'd with flames of fire!
An air of wrath it wore, and pride;—
The wrath of hell—the pride of ire!

Its garb—if garb it were—with blood
Was dy'd; its voice, the voice of groans;
And sounds as of a mighty flood,
Sounds of despair, and fearful tones
My spirit thrill'd!—nor art can paint,
Nor mind conceive, nor language tell
The deadly sight, the deadlier plaint,
The ghastly train;—that train was HELL.

One shade of most cadaverous hue,
Of sunken eye, and meagre look
Stalk'd wildly forth: distempers flew
Where'er he trode; and when he shook

His grisly locks, from out their cell,
Each loathsome thing would start, and seize,
And wound its prey, past herb or spell;—
On earth this shade is nam'd DISEASE.

'Another shade pass'd swiftly by;
Sad captives grac'd his chariot-wheel,
Stern was his voice, and fierce his eye,
As lightning-flash, and thunder-peal!
His laurell'd brow seem'd cloth'd with ire,
And murd'rous scythes begirt his car;
Sword—famine—pestilence—and fire
Obsequious crouch'd!—this shade is WAR.

But vainly would the Muse essay
Those sights of woe! those nameless things!
Snakes! reptiles!—all that shun the day,
And nightly spread their batty wings!
Volcanoes lit the murky sky,
And earthquakes moan'd, and thunders growl'd!
Anon was heard a piercing cry!
Dogs bay'd, and monsters fiercely howl'd!

The vision chang'd:—I heard a voice:
Lo! one with flowing vestment clad.
The vision made my heart rejoice.
I wept—my eyes, no longer sad,
Shed tears; they were the tears of joy.
In wonder lost, and love, I ran
To worship him, who could destroy
That awful spell,—the SON of MAN.

“Fear not,” he cried, “’tis mine to shield
The humble soul, beneath the wing
Of power almighty. Death may wield
His fiery scorpions; but the sting
Of sin, for ever, quench’d in blood,
The grave no more its deeds can tell:
Fear not to tempt the dreary flood;
I have the keys of DEATH and HELL.”

TO PLEASURE.

OH, Pleasure! whither dost thou rove?
On mountain, cliff, and verdant plain,
Near gushing rill and shady grove,
I've stay'd to hear thy syren strain.

At early dawn, when, soaring high,
The heaven-bound songster tempts the blue;
At dewy eve, along the sky,
I've sought thee in each twilight hue.

From the bold promontory's height
I've look'd upon the rushing surge,
And watch'd the sea-bird in his flight,
And listen'd to the ocean-dirge.

But still, upon thy restless wing
I ask'd thee of each playful breeze,
That usher'd in the beauteous spring,
And flush'd with hope the budding trees.

Still, gliding from my fond embrace,
Though spring or summer cheer the eye,
I sought thee mid the busy race
Of man, but still thou wast not nigh.

Ambition lur'd me to her steeps,
Where glory builds her eagle-nest;
But he who gains that summit weeps
To find that glory is not rest.

Still, still, enamour'd of thy charms,
I sought thee in the lap of ease:
Rush'd madly to the syren's arms,
Till pleasure lost the power to please.

Say, then, sweet charmer, if nor spring,
Nor gushing rill, nor shady grove,
Nor busy haunts thy presence bring,
Oh! whither, whither, dost thou rove?

" Think not, vain man, 'tis mine to flee
Where wood-nymphs haunt the sacred stream;
That, rippling, laves the moss-grown tree,
Whose leaves exclude the sultry beam.

'Tis mine to scale the mountain's brow,
To float upon the downy breeze;
Recline beneath the shady bough,
Where sportive squirrels leap the trees.

Tis mine to hang the curly wave,
And deck my hair with weed and shell;
To pierce the deepest ocean-cave,
Where mermaids sing and tritons dwell.

But think not in the sea, or wind,
Or shady forest I reside :
My dwelling is the immortal mind,
Forth on whose holiest beams I ride.

With virtuous souls I walk the plain,
And look upon the starry night,
Explore the wonders of the main,
And catch the beams of early light.

With cheerful industry I live,
But shun the sensual and the vain ;
The pleasures it is mine to give
Are draughts of bliss, unmixt with pain.

—How beautiful their feet, who bless,
With Mercy's banner wide unfurl'd,
The widow and the fatherless,
And keep unspotted from the world!

With such, serenely, I'm resign'd
To tread the bright or thorny road:
If then thou would'st my presence find—
Live near, walk humbly, with thy God!"



THE END.

Barlow, Printer, Bennett's Hill, Birmingham.

